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THE

**Songster's Companion**

*K* BEING,

A COLLECTION

OF THE

Most Favorite SONGS,

Sung this SEASON at

THE THEATRES, | RANELAGH, | SADLER'S WELLS,  
PANTHEON, | VAUXHALL, | THE CIRCUS,

And every other Place of

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT.

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L O N D O N :

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T H E

# Songster's Companion:

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*Bottle and Lafs.*

WITH my bottle and lafs,  
Let the hours as the pafs,  
Glide all fo deliciously on,  
Free from cares that await,  
On the buſtle of ſtate,  
Let me ſport till my ſpirits are gone.

And then let me reſt  
On the ſoft panting breſt,  
Of ſome Nymph, full of youth and of grace,  
Then tho' languid and tir'd,  
May I ſtill be inspir'd,  
With freſh ardour to join her embrace.

Ah, Venus! then fly,  
With thy doves through the ſky,

To my temple devoted to thee;  
 Sequester'd from noise,  
 Let me taste of thy joys,  
 And revel unceasur'd and free.

*Idleness.*

**G**ODDESS of Ease, leave Lethe's brink,  
 Obsequious to my muse and me;  
 For once endure the pain to think,  
 O sweet Insensibility!  
 Parent of Ease and Indolence!  
 Bring, Muse, bring numbers soft and slow,  
 Elaborately void of sense:  
 Then sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,  
 O let me dose away dull hours!  
 And under me let Flora spread  
 A sofa of her sweetest flow'rs.  
 And Philomel, thy notes, O breathe!  
 Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,  
 Where murmurs from the stream beneath,  
 Shall flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness! the woes  
 Of life we patiently endure:  
 Thou art the source whence labour flows;  
 We shun thee but to make thee sure:



For who'd endure war's toil or waste?  
 Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea?  
 But to be idle at the last,  
 And find a pleasing end in thee.

*A Dip in the Tweed.*

**T**HE scripture has told  
 That lepers of old,  
 In Jordan were perfectly mended :  
 But now 'tis agreed  
 That by waters of Tweed  
 The foulest of spots can be cleansed.

That virtuous flood  
 Will purify blood,  
 Can open, and clear all the pores ;  
 Then Nabobs with speed  
 Make haste to the Tweed,  
 Get rid of your Indian old sores.

There is Doctor Dundas,  
 Who, not made of brass,  
 Can soften and pity a finer  
 You will find by his trade  
 Ablution quite made,  
 The price may be settled at dinner.

Like a Baptist he stands  
 With the cure in his hands;  
 By a dip of regeneration,  
 For the fee of a bulse,  
 He will settle the pulse,  
 And heal the first rogue in the nation !

*The Minister's Levee.*

(Tune,—*Christ Church Bells.*)

SEE the cringing coxcombs come, one, two,  
 Three, four, five, six,  
 Among them none  
 Says his soul's his own  
 They all sneak sordidly, sordidly.  
 The busy whispering crowd,  
 Where not a man dares speak aloud,  
 Till he first has been taught his cue,  
 By some top cringer of the crew :  
 Dingle dangle, dingle dangle, wait they there  
 Their patron's looks to scan :  
 And the de'el a fop  
 Leaves this State-shop  
 Till he sees the Mighty Man !

*Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

IF tinsell'd fashion introduces  
 A Parisbauble in this town,  
 Tho' good sense it much abuses,  
 It must to all the world be known.

Here and there and ev'ry where,  
 The Gallie trifle they pursue,  
 As who cou'd live without a share  
 Of this same bauble—something new!

Horses and dogs are taught to prance,  
 And walking minuets laid aside;  
 Indeed they say, "Our way in France"  
 Is quadrupeds can dancing ride!  
 Here and there, &c.

Earth-bathing did attempt to shine,  
 But 'twas too grave to gain a name;  
 Let France their fripp'ry ne'er resign,  
 Nor England ever lose her fame.  
 Here and there, &c.

*Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

**D**E Magnet's von magical touchstone of truth,  
 It imbibes youth vid age, de aged with  
 youth;  
 De faux pass of fashion, and all modern sins,  
 'Twill deliver you from, more easy dan twins.  
 Its virtues attractive can raise up the dead,  
 Electrify more dan de Grahamite bed!  
 In a known speaking house it's pow'r me can  
 show,  
 Just tip it vid gold—dey'll say aye, and mean no.  
 Nor fragrant scent, nor odours blooming,  
 Shou'd a fine "Pretty Jemmy," dress'd oais't;  
 la taste,  
 Vid alphabet buckles, large hat, and short waist;

Touch but dis magnet, 'twou'd reflect as a glass,  
Show the folly of fashion, and prove him an ass.

Tho' crim. con. discover'd, divorce taken place,  
If de plantiff obtain but wealth for disgrace,  
I'll magnet de vife; no crim. con. shall sever,  
But both live again—as happy as ever.

De vonder of Magnet—me only can tell,  
De care of a miser 'twill instant repel;  
For if he comes here, and de money display,  
As my magnet attracts—he noting shall pay.

*Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

WHEN first I saw the Cyprian flower,  
With stately pride I scorn'd to yield;  
As musk-rose sweet, its magic power  
Diffus'd sweet perfume o'er the field;  
Again I gaz'd, approving,  
Once pluck'd, alas! its beauties fade,  
And I was fond of roving.

Like dew of summer's morn, reviving,  
I bid adieu, bestow'd a tear;  
With liberty my heart was striving  
I vow'd to prove still insincere;  
Nor all the sweets Idalia own'd  
Cou'd tempt my mind from roving.

The flower of life ! true knowledge tasting,  
 If once, to pluck this gem I dare ;  
 The breath of love no longer wasting,  
 I seiz'd—and did the love rose wear,  
 Henry's the youth, the flow'r of beauty,  
 Whose blooming smiles and gen'rous heart  
 Have cured my mind from roving.

*Sung in the Spanish Rivals.*

GO, go, you rude man—don't teaze me,  
 'Tis in vain, Sir,—alas !  
 There look in the glass,  
 Survey but your elegant shapes ;  
 D'ye think such a lover can please me ?  
 Away with your congees and scrapes.  
 Have you, Sir ! you !  
 That I never shall do,  
 'Till I find I'm about to lead apes.

What Dæmon directed you hither ?  
 You're surely possess'd,  
 To see me distress'd,  
 You still show your foolish fond airs.  
 Fate never will bring us together,  
 So, go, and get rid of your cares.  
 Have you, Sir ! you ?  
 That I never shall do,  
 'Till I find I am at my last prayers.

*Sung in the Spanish Rivals.*

**T**HE gallant waiting men in town  
 Address me as a goddess fair:  
 Yet what of that?—'tis better known,  
 I'm but as other women are.  
 Ne'er shilly shally can I wait,  
 When choice of lovers come to woo;  
 But as I wish to change my state,  
 Why, let the best e'en buckle to.

My good old Grannum often said,  
 And now I speak it frank and free,  
 That men were for the women made,  
 And surely one was made for me.  
 But should I find my spouse naught,  
 As many better women do,  
 Ne'er thing I want my lesson taught,  
 Depend upon't I'll fit him too.

*Sung in the Spanish Rivals.*

**L**ET the lark find repose  
 In the full waving corn,  
 Or bees on the rose,  
 Tho' furrounded with thorn,  
 Ne'er robb'd of their ease,  
 They are thoughtless and free;  
 But here gentle peace  
 Cannot harbour with me.



*Linco's Return.*

**I**'LL never go abroad again,  
 Nor ever will I roam;  
 For he has but a flimsy brain,  
 Who wanders far from home.

See nine in ten of Englishmen,  
 Who run the nation o'er;  
 Tho' pert and gay, yet pray are they  
 Much wiser than before.

Contented here I'll pass my life,  
 For roving's but a curse;  
 I'll take my country, as my wife,  
 For better and for worse.

See nine in ten of Englishmen,  
 Who run the nation o'er;  
 Tho' pert and gay, yet pray are they  
 Much wiser than before.

While I can see such sights as these,  
 And such a harvest bring;  
 And while I can my betters please,  
 For ever will I sing,

That nine in ten of Englishmen,  
 Who chuse abroad to roam,  
 Among mankind will never find  
 That worth they leave at home.

*The Lily of the Vale.*

**T**HE fragrant lily of the vale,  
 So elegant and fair ;  
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,  
 To Chloe I compare.  
 What tho' on earth it lowly grows,  
 And strives its head to hide ;  
 In sweetness far out-vies the rose,  
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue,  
 To many a gaudy stain,  
 In this we view the virgin white  
 Of innocence remain ;  
 See how the curious florist's hand  
 Uprears its humble head ;  
 And to preserve the charming flow'r,  
 Transports it to its bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,  
 How shines each modest grace ;  
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands  
 To view its lovely face ;  
 But pray my Chloe now observe,  
 The inference of my tale,  
 May I the florist be—and thou  
 My lily of the vale.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**I**N Summer, when the leaves were green,  
 and blossoms deck'd each tree,  
 Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his artless  
 love to me ;  
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat, and there he  
 told his tale—  
 Oh Patty, softest of thy sex, O let fond love prevail!  
 Ah, well a-day, you see me pine in sorrow and  
 despair,  
 Yet heed me not, then let me die, and end my  
 grief and care.—  
 Ah ! no, dear youth, I softly said, such love  
 demands my thanks,  
 And here I vow eternal truth—on Shannon's  
 flow'ry banks.  
 And here we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's  
 flow'ry banks,  
 And then we gather'd sweetest flowers, and  
 play'd such artless pranks ;  
 But woe is me, the press-gang came, and forced  
 my Ned away,  
 Just when he nam'd next morning fair—to be  
 our wedding day.  
 My love, he cried, they force me hence, but  
 still my heart is thine—  
 All peace be your's, my gentle Pat, while war  
 and toil is mine ;  
 With riches I'll return to thee—I sobbed out  
 words of thanks—  
 And then he vow'd eternal truth—on Shannon's  
 flow'rybank.

And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's  
 flow'ry banks,  
 And then I saw him sail away, and join the  
 hostile ranks;  
 From morn to eve, for twelve dull months, his  
 absence sad I mourn'd,  
 The peace was made, the ship came back,—but  
 Teddy ne'er return'd.  
 His beauteous face, his manly form, has won a  
 nobler fair—  
 My Teddy's false, and I for lor nuff die in sad  
 despair.  
 Ye gentle maidens see me laid, while you stand  
 round in ranks,  
 And plant a willow o'er my head on Shannon's  
 flow'ry banks.

*The Wish.*

**G**RANT me, ye Gods, some calm retreat,  
 Where I may pass my days;  
 Free from the low mean follies of the great  
 Free from the vulgars envious hate,  
 And careless of their praise.  
 Blessed with one faithful female friend,  
 There let my time slide on;  
 And when my ev'ning sun shall downwards tend,  
 When fleeting life is at an end,  
 I'll quietly be gone.

*Sung at Ranelagh.*

ON Thames fair bank a gentle youth,  
 For Lucy sigh'd with such matchless truth,  
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme ;  
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,  
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd,  
 But that she had no time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet  
 In secret shades his fair to meet  
 Beneath th' accustom'd lime ;  
 Sometimes the maid would meet him there,  
 But when he begg'd she'd ease his care,  
 She said she had not time.

It was not thus, inconstant maid,  
 You acted once, the shepherd said,  
 When love was in its prime ;  
 She griev'd to hear him thus complain  
 And wish'd she could have eas'd his pain,  
 But still she had not time.

Then pointing to the church he cry'd,  
 This day I'll make you Jane my bride,  
 Since you think love a crime ;  
 No no, she said, my gentle youth,  
 I've try'd your faith and constant truth,  
 And now for love have time.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**S**ONS of ocean fam'd in story,  
 Won't to wear the laurel'd brow ;  
 Listen to your rising glory,  
 Growing honours wait you now ;  
 Think not servile adulation  
 Meanly marks my grateful song,  
 All the praises of the nation  
 Giv'n to you, to you belong ;  
 And rival kingdoms send from far  
 Their plaudits to the british tar.  
 'Tis not now your valiant daring,  
 Courage you've for ages shewn ;  
 'Tis not now your mild forbearing,  
 Pity always was your own.  
 'Tis your prince, so lov'd, so pleasing,  
 Spreads your fame through distant lands,  
 And the trident nobly seizing,  
 Grasps it in his youthful hands ;  
 Proud to boast in peace or war,  
 The virtues of the british tar.  
 When the times were big with danger,  
 See your royal shipmate go,  
 And to every fear a stranger,  
 Brave the fury of the foe :  
 Now when smiling peace rejoices,  
 Greet him with a sailor's arms,  
 Cheer his presence with your voices,  
 Pay his service with your hearts ;  
 And be henceforth your leading star,  
 The gallant, royal, british tar.



*The Siege of Gibraltar.*

SINCE the fate of Gibraltar attracts the whole world,

While the vengeance of France and Spain 'gainst it is hurl'd,

Tho' their armies and navies together combine,

Yet the conduct of Elliot frustrates each design.

Then let us in full chorus our voices raise high,

And toast the bold hero till we rend the sky ;

His officers too, and his soldiers so brave,

Who boldly endeavour that fortress to save.

Tho' the nobles of France, and the grandees of Spain,

Attend on the spot, martial honour to gain ;

Tho' their bombs and their batt'ries expensive and large,

In whirlwinds of thunder they daily discharge.

Then let us, &c.

Brave Elliot has sallied, and made the dons fly,

A mine he has sprung, and each carcass thrown high ;

In vain are their hearts while his courage survives

In those who love glory much more than their lives.

Then let us, &c.

May speedy relief at Gibraltar arrive,

And our treacherous foes of possession deprive !

Then the laurel of victory we'll instantly place

Rounb the temples of those who such dangers embrace.

To all in full chorus our voices raise high,  
 And toast the bold Elliot till we rend the sky;  
 His officers too, and his soldiers so brave,  
 Who boldly determin'd that fortrefs to save.

*The Charms of Feasting.*

**W**HAT a charming thing is feasting !  
     Boiling, baking, roasting, basting ;  
 Clash, clish, clash the pewter rattling ;  
     Every one impatient waiting :  
 With what pleasure are we 'sying,  
     While the table-cloth is spread ;  
     First, the waiter brings the bread,  
 Then some sallad, beef, and mustard,  
 Fowls and turkies, geese, and custard,  
     Mutton, veal, and bacon rare ;  
 Hares, with puddings in their bellies,  
 Cheese-cakes, ice-creams, tarts, and jellies ;  
     How all stare !  
     And prepare ;  
 Some their knives and forks are whetting,  
 Some the soups and gravies tasting ;  
     Others starving,  
     Fall to carving ;  
 What a charming thing is feasting !  
     But the pleasant joke of all,  
     Is when we first to eating fall,  
     Like wild tygers, almost clamming,  
     Just as if we'd known a famine ;  
 Gnawing, tearing, stuffing, cramming ;

Choak'd with thirst  
Like to burst ;  
While the landlord no time wasting,  
Liquor giving ;  
Zounds ! what living ;  
What a charming thing is feasting !

*The happy Virgin.*

HOW happy a state does the virgin possess,  
Whose innocent bosom no troubles distress !  
She's ever brisk, airy, good humour'd, and gay,  
No cares to molest her by night or by day ;  
No husband controuls her, or crosses her will,  
But o'er all her actions she mistress is still ;  
In freedom and pleasure she passes her life ;  
If so happy a virgin, who would be a wife ?

No bantlings to teaze her, or break her night's rest,  
With peace and content all her moments are blest,  
She sleeps 'till 'tis time in the morning to rise,  
And ev'ry new day some new pleasure supplies ;  
Surrounded abroad by a croud of smart beaux  
Who are proud to attend her wherever she goes ;  
About her they swarm like the bees to their hives ;  
If so happy when virgins, then who would be  
wives.

Let the wife boast of conjugal bliss if she please,  
Bought at the expence of her freedom and ease ;  
Confin'd by her cares, still at home she must stay,  
Whilst abroad we can range to park, ball, and play,

Thro' a maze of soft pleasure our actions we steer,  
 And when we return, we've no husbands to fear,  
 To teaze us, and vex us, and tire out our lives;  
 If so happy when virgins, then who would be  
 wives.

*The Miller asleep in his Mill.*

**M**Y eyes may speak pleasure,  
 Tongue flow without measure,  
 Yet my heart in my bosom lies still;  
 Thus the river is flowing,  
 The mill-clapper going,  
 But the Miller's asleep in his mill.

Though lovers surround me,  
 With speeches confound me,  
 Yet my heart in my bosom lies still;  
 Thus the river is flowing,  
 The mill-clapper going,  
 But the miller is asleep in his mill.

The little god eyes me,  
 And think to surprise me,  
 But my heart is awake in my breast;  
 Thus boys slyly creeping  
 Would catch the bird sleeping  
 But the linnet's awake in his nest.

*The Choice Spirits Lottery.*

**Y**E national schemers, awhile give me leave,  
 A scheme to advance that can no one deceive;  
 No humbug I mean, set on foot by the great;  
 'Tho' a Lottery's my scheme—yet it is not of state.  
 Derry down, &c.

No jobber your tickets divide into shares,  
 To plunder your pockets, and heighten your cares;  
 No blanks to depress you come in my design;  
 The wheel is good-humour—the prize is—good  
 wine.

Derry down, &c.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must  
 accrue,  
 To a people who ever give Bacchus his due;  
 Choice God of the Grape, by the virtues inspir'd,  
 The cause I'll relate you, so justly admir'd.  
 Derry down, &c.

'Tis wine gives us that freedom we always main-  
 tain;  
 The slave fill'd with claret, despises his chain;  
 'Tis wine gives us wit, and ennobles our sense,  
 And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.  
 Derry down, &c.

Then our Lott'ry attend, ye who love frisk and  
 fun;  
 You are sure of a prize, for no more than a crown

Aoplo and Bacchus here jointly agree,  
To take off the hip, and renew you with glee.

Derry down, &c.

Let the vot'ry of Plutus, who values his pelf,  
To be happy for once—steal a crown from him  
self;

Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies;  
The whole course is a blank—here you're sure o'  
a prize.

Derry down, &c.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whoever may please,  
Leave fighting and cares, here you'll quickly find  
ease,

Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,  
This ev'ning we draw, Sir, at Comus's hall.

Derry down, &c.

*Four and Twenty Fiddlers.*

**F**OUR and twenty fiddlers all in a row,  
Four and twenty fiddlers, &c.

There was fiddle, fiddle, fiddle, and double demi-  
semi quibble down below;

This is my lady's birth-day,

Therefore we'll keep holiday.

Four and twenty drummers all in a row,

Four and twenty drummers, &c.

And there was I rub a dub, O ru b adub,

And fiddle fiddle, fiddle, &c. &c.



Four and twenty trumpeters all in a row,

Four and twenty trumpeters, &c.

There was tantarareo, I dub a dub, O rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty coblers all in a row,

Four and twenty coblers, &c.

There was coblers and stop awls, stop awls and coblers

And tantararero, I rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty fencing masters all in a row,

Four and twenty fencing-masters, &c.

There was push, carte and tierce, down with his heels and cut him across,

Coblers and stop awls, stop awls and coblers, &c.

Four and twenty captains all in a row,

Four and twenty captains, &c.

There was d—n him, kick him down stairs, &c.

D—n him, kick him down stairs, &c.

Four and twenty taylors all in a row,

Four and twenty taylors, &c.

There was one caught a louse, another let him loose,

Push, carte, and tierce, &c.

Four and twenty parsons all in a row,

Four and twenty parsons, &c.

There was L—d have mercy upon us,

D—n his eyes, says another, knock him down with the goose;

Lord have mercy upon us, &c.

Four and twenty barbers all in a row,  
Four and twenty barbers, &c.

There was long wigs, toupees, frizee, frize, powder and pomatum, two ruffles and never a shirt; d—n'd hard times; walk in, your honours—and shave for a penny.

One caught a louse, &c.

Four and twenty quakers all in a row,  
Four and twenty quakers, &c.

There was Abram he begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob he open'd his generation box, with long wigs, toupees, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in a row,  
Four and twenty Dutchmen, &c.

There were Americanos, Spaniorum, Amsterdamm, Rotterdam, and d—mnation seize them all together—Abram he begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob open'd his generation box, with—Long wigs, toupees, frizee, frize, powder and pomatum, two ruffles and never a shirt; d—n'd hard times; walk in your honours, and shave for a penny—One caught a louse, another let him loose—D—n his eyes, says another, knock him down with the goose—L—d have mercy upon us—D—n him, kick him down stairs;—push, carte, and tierce; down with his heels, and cut him across—Cobblers and stop awls, stop awls and coble—Tantararo, I rub a dub, O rub a dub—nd fiddle faddle, fiddle, and double demi-semi quibble down below.

This is my lady's birth-day,  
Therefore we'll keep holiday.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister.*

**C**OME bustle, bustle, drink about,  
And let us merry be,  
Our can is full, we'll pump it out,  
And then all hands to sea.

And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing school is taught,  
The minuet to tread ;

But we go better when we've brought  
The fore-tack to Cat-head.

The jocky call'd to horse, to horse,  
And swiftly rides the race ;  
But swifter far we shape our course,  
When we are giving chace.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,  
His pack the huntsman cheers ;  
As loud we hollow when we send  
A broadside to Monsieurs.

The What's their names, at operas squall,  
With music fine and soft ;

But better sounds our boatswain's call,  
All hands, all hands aloft.

With gold and silver streamers fine,  
The ladies rigging shew ;

But English ships much grander shine,  
When prizes home we tow.

**D**

What's got at sea we spend on shore,  
 With sweethearts or our wives ;  
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,  
 Thus pass the sailors' lives.

And a sailing we will go.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**C**OME, rise English boys,  
 To sing and rejoice,  
 Our honour and glory display ;  
 For Rodney the brave,  
 Reigns lord of the wave,  
 And the French England's flag must obey,  
 My brave boys,  
 And the French England's flag must obey,  
 For Rodney, &c.

Long our insolent foes  
 Our arms did oppose,  
 Insulted by land and by sea ;  
 Yet all was parade,  
 They still were afraid,  
 As at present appears boys, huzza,  
 My brave boys, &c.

From the east to the west,  
 We have trimm'd them confess,  
 And their admiral taken, De Grasse ;

Now the Dutch, like the French,  
Must their boasting retrench,  
While we sing aloud boys, huzza,  
My brave boys, &c.

On the wide spreading main,  
Our rights to maintain,  
The bold British thunder did roar;  
From morning till night  
They continued the fight,  
And like jolly boys cried encore,  
My brave boys, &c.

Tho' a long time dismay'd,  
By losses in trade,  
Yet our spirit you find is not broke;  
Though our insolent foes,  
Together oppose,  
They ne'er can enslave hearts of oak,  
My brave boys, &c.

To Rodney and Hughes,  
Then sing now, my muse,  
Who England have held up in glory:  
They have fought on the wave,  
Like Englishmen braye,  
And will be renowned in story,  
My brave boys, &c.

*The Cocker of Castlebury.*

'T WAS in a village near Castlebury,  
A coker and his wife did dwell,  
And for a time no two so merry,  
Their happiness no tongue can tell?

But mortal joys, alas ! are fleeting,  
And little things oft cause much strife;  
For going to a merry meeting,  
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But tho' he us'd her so unruly,  
Then what did this good creature do,  
Now mark my song, I'll tell you truly,  
For other things she had in view.

A jolly landlord and his tapster,  
Full oft had view'd her comely charms,  
And with her beauties so entrapt, Sir,  
They each one wish'd her in his arms.

Then she, to wound her unkind deary,  
To each her favours seemed to give,  
And all the folks in Castlebury,  
Soon saw how jealous they did live.

Now topsy turvy, noise and riot,  
And all their furniture was sold,  
Nothing could make her Dickey quiet,  
Until his wife she did unfold :



Dick, I so archly have contrived,  
Both with the man and master too,  
Each of a purse of gold deprived,  
Which now my dear, I bring to you.

Now Dickey's heart it soon relented,  
And love did in his bosom burn,  
His former usage he repented,  
So to his dame made this return :

No more, my dear, will I be jealous,  
But ever be both kind and true,  
I'll laugh at love pretending fellows,  
And will rejoice with only you.

Now Dick he whistles in his stall, Sir,  
Thumps the hammer, minds his end,  
And uses both his peg and awl,  
Pray what can mortal more pretend ?

*Sung by Mr. Suett.*

**C**OME then all ye Social Powers,  
Shed your influence, o'er us,  
Crown with joy the present hour,  
Enliven those before us.

Bring the flask, the music bring,  
Joy shall quickly find us,  
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,  
And cast dull care behind us.

Frindship, with thy pow'r divine,  
 Brighten all our features :  
 What but frindship, love and wine,  
 Can make us happy creatures.

Bring the flask, &c.

Love, thy godhead I adore,  
 Source of gen'rous passions ;  
 But will ne'er bow down before  
 Those idols, wealth and fashions.

Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,  
 Whilst on earth we moulder ?  
 Whether merry, grave or mad,  
 We every day grow older.

Bring the flask, &c.

*The Union of Love and Wine.*

**W**ITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,  
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;  
 For life without these, &c.  
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,  
 And a new flow of spirits enliven my soul ;  
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,  
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;  
 I care not how much they my measures decline,  
 Let 'em have their own humour and I will have  
 mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,  
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;  
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,  
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from  
 the vine.

Then come my dear charmer, thou nymph half  
 divine,  
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with  
 wine;

Then giving and taking, in mutual return,  
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove  
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with my love;  
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,  
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

### *The Sea Fight.*

**STAND** to your guns my hearts of oak

Let not a word on board be spoke,  
 Victory soon will crown the joke,  
 Be silent and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,  
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,  
 The' cannons roar should sound their knell,  
 Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not, nor yet—reserve your fire,  
 I do desire,  
 Now the elements do rattle,  
 The Gods amaz'd behold the battle,  
 A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,  
 Trickle down her batter'd side,  
 Hurl destruction on your foes,  
 She sinks, huzza, to the bottom down she goes.

*Blow High, Blow Low.*

**BLOW** high, blow low, let tempest tear,  
 The mainmast by the board,  
 My heart with thoughts of thee my dear,  
 And love well stor'd,  
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
 The roaring waves, the raging sea,  
 In hopes on shore to be once more,  
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,  
 The whistling winds that feed along,  
 And the surge roaring from below,  
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,  
 And this shall be my song;

And on that night when all the ships crew,  
 In memory of their former lives,  
 O'er flowing canns of flip renew,  
 And drink to their sweethearts and their wives,  
 I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh, and think on  
 thee.

And as the ship rolls on the sea,  
 The burthen of my song shall be  
 Blow high, blow low, let tempest tear,  
 The mainmast by the board,  
 My heart with thoughts of thee my dear,  
 And love well stor'd,  
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,  
 In hopes on shore, to be once more,  
 Safe moor'd with thee.

*Phelim's Resolution.*

SAYS Phelim no longer in Ireland I'll stay,  
 I've got so much money my debts I can't pay,  
 I will go to England and pass for a lord,  
 A bag-wig by my side, on my head a long sword.  
 Sing Ballinamone ora, an English lady for me.

As I travel along how the people will stare,  
 At my coach and six horses drawn by an old mare,  
 won't sleep on the road, nor make no delays,  
 But lest I be weary, I'll go in ten days.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

And when I arrive safe at London by sea,  
 I'll lodge as St. James's, or else at Bear-key,  
 I'll fence at assemblies, play at cards at a ball,  
 And court some rich heiress worth nothing at all.  
 Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each day I will walk all around cross the Park,  
 Each moon-shiny night, about noon when 'tis  
 dark,  
 With my coat laced over, the beaus to alarm,  
 And my hat in my hand to keep my wig warm.  
 Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each night at the play in the box I will sit,  
 And tell some rich widow she is more divine  
 Than Pluto, or Vulcan, or the goddess of May,  
 And with my fine speeches her heart I'll betray.  
 Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

I'll drink her good health when I dine every morn,  
 And give her a fine silver cup made of horn,  
 I'll make verses on her in prose and in rhyme,  
 And send her too letters by post at one time.  
 Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each night at her toilet when she rises from bed,  
 When she combs her hands, and washes her head,  
 With my eyes very modest, I'll stare in her face,  
 And tell her for love my guts burn and blaze.  
 Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.



I'll persuade her to wed in a day or two more,  
Next morning betimes at noon about four,  
To church I will carry my beautiful bride,  
On a pillion before me, close by my left side.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

And when we are married the drums they shall  
ring,

The bells they shall beat, and the fiddler shall sing,  
To Dublin I'll carry my charmer straitway,  
In the winter when they are making of hay.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

My aunt Mac Mahon I'll invite to the feast,  
Where potatoes and mutton for sauce shall be  
drest,

Arrack punch made of whisky, in bumpers shall  
flow,

And all my relations shall come to the show.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

*Laugh and Grow Fat.*

Ye humdrums who sigh all your life-time away,

Without the kind warmth of brisk jollity's  
ray,

Who with whining and pining grow stupid and  
flat;

Except the sweet balm of—Laugh and Grow  
Fat:

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

Of excellent virtues, and well known to cure,  
Most griefs that the body or mind do endure;  
It does ease all the troubles bad fortune begat,  
When once your acquainted with—Laugh and  
grow fat.

Laugh—ha! ha! ha!

The Methodist Preacher, with well-feigned rage,  
May laugh at the folly and vice of the age;  
So dull is his nonsense, so formal his chat,  
That I am resolv'd to—Laugh and grow fat.

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

Now come you brisk souls, and assist me to draw  
To lengthen the chorus of—ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Tho' fortune frown on us, what care we for that  
We scorn all its terrors, and—Laugh and grow  
fat.

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**Y**OU say she's fair; 'tis no such matter,  
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatter;  
And few that beauty e'er can spy,  
Which strikes the partial lover's eye.

Phcebe, my council pray approve;  
Thank heav'n for a good man's love:  
All markets will not pay your price,  
So strike the bargain in a trice.

*Written by Mr. Churchill.*

**A** Jolly brisk tar, but a little time since,  
 As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a prince,  
 Fell foul of an ale-house, and thinking it sin  
 To pass without calling, reel'd jovially in.

Derry down, &c.

Scarce seated was he, when the landlord pass'd  
 by,

With pudding and beef, which attracted Jack's  
 eye ;

By the main-mast, a sail, boys ! then he leapt  
 from his place,

And grasping his bludgeon, gave orders for chace.

Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together some Frenchmen were  
 met,

Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget,

Convinc'd of their error, commanded this feast,

To be drest and serv'd up in the old English taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord the sailor appears,

And makes the room ring with three British  
 cheers ;

Then he sits himself down without further de-  
 bate,

And claps an old quid in his next neighbour's  
 plate.

Derry down, &c.

E

Sure nothing could equal the Frenchmens surprize,

When they shrugg'd up their shoulders, and turn'd up their eyes ;

From one dropt a ha, and the other a hem,  
All gap'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.

Derry down, &c.

One, more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,

Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice ;

Jack, cutting his hand, quickly gave him a check,

Cry'd down with your arms, or I'll soon sweep the deck.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord enrag'd, now approach'd from afar,

And sneaking behind, seiz'd the arms of the tar ;

I have him, says he ; but he cou'd say no more,

Ere he found his dull pate where his heels stood before.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord thus sprawling, the Frenchmen unite,

Each takes up his knife and prepares for the fight ;

Of quarters, cries Jack, I would not have you think ;

Strike, strike, you frog-eaters, strike, strike, or you sink.

Derry down, &c.

So saying, he handled his trusty oak stick,  
 And pour'd in his broadsides so stout and so thick;  
 Well play'd his part, in a minute, that four  
 Were decently laid with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

For rest all dismay'd at their countrymens fate,  
 The fear that Jack's stick should alight on their  
 pate,

Acknowledg'd him victor and lord of the main,  
 Withal humbly entreating to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

Three cheers than he gave, but insisted that they,  
 For the beef, for the pudding and porter should  
 pay:

They agreed; so the sailor reel'd off with his  
 wench,

And sung as he reel'd, Down, down with the  
 French.

Derry down, &c.

*The Female Duelist.*

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

SINCE all so nicely take offence,

And pinking is the fashion,

I soon shall find a good pretence

For being in a passion.

If any on my dress or air,  
 To jest dare take occasion ;  
 By female honour I declare,  
 I'll have an explanation !

If you're too free, or full of play,  
 By Jove ! my lads, I'll cure ye ;  
 And if too cold you turn away,  
 You'll rouse a very fury.

A law is ev'ry thing I say ;  
 No swain shall call me cruel :  
 Who e're my will shall disobey,  
 Gives signal for a duel.

A very Amazon am I,  
 And various weapons carry ;  
 I've glancing lightning in my eye,  
 And tongue—a sword to parry.

E'en let him arm with what he will,  
 With Cupid's bow and arrow  
 You soon shall see my man I'll kill,  
 As easy as a sparrow.

*Sung in Mother Shipton.*

**T**O heal the smart a bee had made  
 Upon my Chloe's face,  
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,  
 And bade me kiss the place.



Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound  
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart,  
 The honey on my lips I found,  
 The sting within my heart.

*Sung at Ranelagh.*

**W**HAT shepherd or nymph of the grove  
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,  
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,  
 Since Phœbe no longer is here?  
 My flocks, if at random they stray,  
 What wonder, if she's from the plains!  
 Her hand they were wont to obey:  
 She rul'd both the sheep and the wains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd  
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,  
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,  
 Or the river that runs by the mill!  
 There, sweet, by my side as she lay,  
 And heard the fond stories I told,  
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,  
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold?

How oft wou'd I spy out a charm,  
 Which before had been hid from my view!  
 And, while arm was infolded in arm,  
 My lips to her lips how they grew!

How long the sweet contest would last !  
 Till the hours of retirement and rest ;  
 What pleasures and pain each had past,  
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time,  
 I felt when my fair one was near ;  
 Alike was each weather and clime,  
 Each season that chequer'd the year ;  
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,  
 Did we melt on the bosom of May ?  
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,  
 If we rose up to work or to play.  
 She was all my fond wishes could ask ;  
 She had all the kind gods could impart ;  
 She was nature's most beautiful task ;  
 The despair and the envy of the art :  
 There all that is worthy to prize,  
 In all that was lovely was drest ;  
 For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,  
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

*Sung in Comus.*

**T**HE wanton god, who pierces hearts,  
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;  
 But the nymph disdains to pine,  
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd;  
 If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd,  
 Sure the squeamish fops are free  
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;  
 I love them much, but more my ease:  
 No jealous fears my love molest,  
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,  
 Who to give me joy disdain?  
 All I hope of mortal man  
 Is to love me while he can.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**T**HE lowland lads think they are fine,  
 But O they're vain and idly gaudy;  
 How much unlike the graceful mien,  
 And manly looks of my highland laddie.  
 O my bony highland laddie;  
 My handsome charming highland laddie;  
 May heav'n still guard and love reward,  
 The lowland lass and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse  
 To be the wealthiest lowland lady;  
 I'd take young Donald in his trews,  
 With bonnet blue and belted pladdie.  
 O my bonny, &c.

No greater joy, I'll e'er pretend,  
 Than that his love prove true and steady ;  
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
 While heav'n preserves my highland laddie.  
 O my bonny, &c.

*3. The Vicar and Moses.*

AT the sign of the horse, old Spintext of course,  
 Each night took his pipe and his pot ;  
 O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,  
 Was plac'd this canonical sot.  
 Tol de rol, &c.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,  
 With reverence due and submission ;  
 First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat ;  
 And bowing, prefer'd his petition.

I come, Sir, says he, to beg, d'ye see,  
 Of your reverend worship and glory,  
 To enter a poor baby, with as much speed as  
 may be,  
 And I'll walk with a lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry ?  
 Why lord, Sir, the corpse it does stay ;  
 You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,  
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, says, Sir, a small child,  
Cannot long delay your intentions;  
Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small,  
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye  
hear?

I hate to be call'd from my liquor,  
Come Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,  
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, Sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,  
Besides there's a terrible show'r;  
Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck  
twelve,  
I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides, my good friend, this lesson attend,  
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,  
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger,  
that's plain,  
But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, Sir, the clock has struck  
one,

Pray master look up at the hand,  
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press  
A man for to go—that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak, old orthodox took,  
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid;  
Each tipt off a jill, for fear they should chill,  
And then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a  
stave,

Whilst the surplice was wrapp'd round the  
priest;

Whilst so droll was the figure of Moses and  
Vicar,

That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people let's pray, put the corpse t'other  
way,

Or perchance I shall over it stumble,

'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare

*A mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the  
leaf's torn,

Oh! man that is born of a woman,

Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a  
flower,

You see, Moses,—death spareth no man!

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,

Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,

Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't,

That this *Strahan* should print for the crown.

Prithee Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,

And bury the corpse in my stead,

(Amen, Amen.)

Why Moses you're wrong, pray hold still your  
tongue,

You've taken the tail for the head.



O where's thy sting death!—put the corpse in  
the earth,

For believe me, it's terrible weather.

So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a  
word,

And away they both stagger'd together.

Singing tol de rol, &c.

*Sherwood Forrest.*

**A**S blithe as the linnet sings in the green wood,

So blithe we'll wake the morn,

And thro' the forest of merry Sherwood,

We'll wind our bugle horn.

The sheriff attempts bold Robin Hood to take,

Bold Robin disdains to fly:

Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sher-  
wood,

Or vanquish boys or die.

Our hearts they are stout, and our bows they are  
good,

And well their master know,

They're cull'd in the forest of merry Sherwood,

And ne'er will spare a foe.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,

We'll hunt them o'er the plain,

And thro' the wide forest of merry Sherwood,

No shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John who were never subdued,  
 Gave each his hand so bold,  
 We'll reign thro' the forest of merry Sherwood,  
 What lay my hearts of gold.

*Sung in the Waterman.*

**T**HEN farewell my trim built wherry,  
 Oars, coat, and badge farewell,  
 Never more at Chelsea ferry,  
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.  
 Then farewell, &c.

But to hope and peace a stranger,  
 In the battle's heat I go,  
 Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,  
 Some friendly ball shall lay me low.  
 Then farewell, &c.

Then mayhap, when homewards steering,  
 With the news my mesmates come,  
 Even you, my story hearing,  
 With a sigh may cry poor Tom!  
 Then farewell, &c.

*Sung in the Capricious Lovers.*

**T**HO' my features, I'm told,  
 Are grown wrinkl'd and old,  
 Bull wisdom I hate and detest;  
 Not a wrinkle is there  
 Which is furrow'd by care,  
 And my heart is as light as the best,  
 When I look on my boys,  
 They renew my past joys;  
 Myself in my children I see;  
 While the comforts I find  
 In the kingdom my mind,  
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,  
 Oh! I caper'd and sung,  
 The lasses came flocking apace;  
 But now turn'd of threescore,  
 I can do so no more,  
 Why then let my boy take my place.  
 Of our pleasures we crack,  
 For we still love the smack,  
 And chuckle o'er what we have been;  
 Yet why should we repine,  
 You've had your's, I've had mine,  
 And now let our children begin.

F

*Sung in the Strangers at Home.*

**Y**OUNG Roger, the ploughman, who wanted  
a mate ;

Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate ;  
With nosegay so large, in his holiday cloaths,  
(His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes.  
Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,  
And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he :  
So he bow'd, and he star'd, and he let his hat fall  
Then he grinn'd, scratch'd his head, and said  
thing at all.

If aukward the swain, no less aukward the maid  
She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron string  
play'd,

'Till the old folks impatient to have the thing done  
Agreed that young Roger and Kate should be one  
In silence the young ones both nodded assent ;  
Their hands being join'd, to be married they went  
Where they answer'd the Parson with voices  
small,

You'd have sworn that they both had said nothing  
at all.

But mark what a change—in the course of a week  
Kate quite left off blushing—Roger boldly could  
speak ;

Could joke with his deary ; laugh loud at the jest  
She could coax too and fondle as well as the best ;  
And asham'd of past folly the've often declar'd  
To encourage young folks who at courtship are  
scar'd,

If at first to your aid some assurance you'll call,  
When once your us'd to't 'tis nothing at all.

*Sung in the Strangers at Home.*

WHEN up to London first I came,  
An aukward country booby,  
I gap'd, and star'd, and did the same  
As ev'ry other looby.

With countenance demurely set,  
I doff'd my hat to all I met.

With—"Zir, your humble servant!"

Alas! too soon I got a wife;  
And proud of such a blessing.

The joy and business of my life  
Was kissing and caressing.

I was "charmer! sweetening! duck, and dove!"

And I o'er head and ears in love,  
Was Cupid's humble servant.

"But when the honey-moon was past,

"Adieu to tender speeches!

"Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and lost too fast,

"I swore I'd wear the breeches.

"I storm in vain—restraint she hates:

"Adieu!" she cries,— "the party waits;—

"My dear! your humble servant!"

She's gone, poor girl! and in my cot,

With friend and bottle smiling,

I'd envy not a higher lot,

Theedious hours beguiling:

If care peeps in, I'm busy, then,  
 I nod—desire he'll call again,  
 And am his humble servant.

Since life's a jest, as wise ones say,  
 'Tis best employed in laughing;  
 And come what frowning cares there may,  
 My antidote is quaffing;  
 I'm ever jovial, gay, and free,  
 For this is my philosophy;  
 And so—your humble servant.

*Sung in the Duenna.*

**G**IVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,  
 But health and good-humour to make her his  
 toast;

If straight I don't mind, whether slender or fat,  
 Or six foot or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

We'll ne'er, &c.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,  
 If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;  
 And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shou'd see,  
 Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her, &c.

Let her looks be the reddest that ever were seen,  
 And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green;  
 For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,  
 I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

Only let her, &c.



'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her baak  
 And white teeth I own are genteeler than black ;  
 A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,  
 But I only desire—she may'nt have a beard.  
 She mayn't, &c.

*My Nose.*

WHILE people call'd poets, in blank verse, or  
 rhyme,

Pindarics or Epics compose,  
 And celebrate heroes in sonnets sublime,  
 My subject, is simply,—*my nose*.

The large nose and long one, thereby hangs a tale;  
 A tale the old schoolists suppose;  
*Ex noscitur naso*—but proverbs may fail,  
 I find it in faith,—by *my nose*.

The boys of conceit blushing merit deride,  
 For coxcombs are *modesty's* foes;  
 I challenge the sons and the daughters of *Pride*  
 To move such a—muscular *nose*.

*Prometheus*, 'tis said, form'd our animal clay,  
 For quickning to *Æther* he rose;  
 I fear that some penance, when he was away,  
 A little aside shov'd—*my nose*.

I presume,—but, perhaps, 'tis presumption to say,  
 I even presume to suppose,  
 I should set myself up in the song-singing way,  
 When I ought to set downwi—*my nose*.

My song therefore ends,—now a toast with your  
leave——

May *wisdom* our councils compose,  
May *Britons* be friends, and forget and forgive,  
And at *faction*—each turn up his nose.

*The Wine Vault.*

**C**ontented I am, and contented I'll be,  
For what can this world more afford,  
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,  
And a cellar as sociably stor'd,

My brave boys

My vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest;  
Try that cask—aye, that cask we'll try;  
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,  
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye,

My brave boys.

In a piece of slip hoop, see my candle is stuck,  
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;  
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,  
As I hate that a bumper should stand,

My brave boys.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be firod,  
I gallop the brusher along;  
Like grape blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,  
And a sentiment give, or a song,

My brave boys.

your We are dry where we sit, though the oozing drops  
seem

With pearls the moist walls to emboss  
ive, From the arch, dusky cobwebs in gothick taste  
stream

Like stucco-work cut out of moss,  
My brave boys.

When the lamp is brimful how the taper flame  
shines,

Which when moisture is wanting decays;  
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,  
Or else there's an end of my blaze,  
My brave boys.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and those bin  
are well fill'd,

View that heap of old hock in your rear:  
ste, Yon bottles of Burgundy, mark how they're pil'd,  
boys, Like Artillery, tier over tier,  
My brave boys.

My cellars my camp, and my soldiers my flask,  
All gloriously rang'd in review;  
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks,  
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,  
My brave boys.

Like *Macedon's madman* my glass I'll enjoy,  
Defying nyp, gravel, or gout;  
god, He cry'd when he had no more world's to destroy,  
boys, I'll weep when my liquor is out,  
My brave boys.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly  
will I,

When reeling, I roll on the floor ;  
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,  
And dare the best Buck to do more,  
My braves boys

Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed  
No *Hic jacet* be cut out on my stone ;  
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,  
And say that his drinking is done,  
My brave boys

*Sung in the Strangers at Home.*

GOOD Sir, in vain you bend your brow,  
And look so queer, I know not how,  
And set your arms a kimbo ;  
My laughter you provoke,  
Oh ! ho ! ho ! ho !  
Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !  
So pleasant is the joke.

If, sir, I chose to try my skill  
Of fencing, soon you'd have your fill ;  
But mighty Signior Whiskers,  
With you I won't engage,  
Oh ! ho ! ho ! ho !  
Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !  
A fig for all your rage.

Nay, prythee friend, don't draw your sword : -  
I shan't draw mine upon my word ;

Nor could I fight for laughing,

Were I to look at you :

Oh ho ! ho ! ho !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

And so sweet sir, adieu.

*Sung in the Strangers at Home.*

WHEN first I began, sir, to ogle the ladies,  
And soft nothings to say as a pretty fellow's  
trade is :

Whilst with rapturous praises I dwelt on each  
feature,

If I stole a sly kiss—'twas fye, you wicked creature ;  
But soon in tones lower and softer and sweeter,  
Half pleas'd they would whisper—fye, you wicked  
creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,  
Each Evening new conquests to conquests suc-  
ceeded,

Perplex'd how so many fond claims I should parry,  
'To settle them all, I resolv'd, faith, to marry ;  
And press'd lovely Laura, in language still sweeter,  
Till blushing, she whisper'd—I'm your's, you  
wicked creature.

*Sung in Fontainebleau.*

**T**HE British lion is my sign,  
 A roaring trade I drive on ;  
 Right English usage,—neat French wine  
 A landlady may thrive on.  
 At table d'hotte, to eat and drink,  
 Let French and English mingle,  
 And while to me they bring the chink,  
 Faith, let the glasses jingle ;  
     Your rhino rattle, come  
     Men and cattle, come  
     All to Mrs. Casey ;  
     Of trouble and money,  
     My jewel, my honey,  
     I warrant I'll make you easy.

When dressed and seated in my bar,  
 Let squire, or beau, or belle come,  
 Let captains kiss me if they dare,  
 It's, sir, you're kindly welcome !  
 On Shuffle, Cog, and Slip, I wink  
 Let Rooks and Pigeons mingle,  
 And if to me they bring the chink,  
 Faith let the glasses jingle.  
     Your rhino rattle, come, &c.

Let love fly here on silken wings,  
 His tricks I still connive at ;  
 The lover who should say soft things,  
 Shall have a room in private.



On pleasure I am pleas'd to wink,  
So lips in kisses mingle,  
For while to me they bring the chink,  
Faith let the glasses jingle.  
Your rhino rattle, come, &c.

*Sung in Fontainbleau.*

INDEED I'll do the best I can  
To please so kind a gentleman :  
You lodge with us, and you shall see,  
How careful poor Nannette will be ;  
So nice, so neat, so clean your room,  
With bow pots for the sweet perfume :  
A'n't please you, sir,  
When you get up,  
Your coffee brown  
In china cup,  
Dinner, desert,  
And bon soupier :  
Sir, mon honneur, at night you be  
With waxen taper lit to bed,  
By poor Nannette your chambermaid.

*Sang in the poor Soldier.*

THE Spring with smiling face is seen,  
To usher in the May ;  
And nature clad in mantle green,  
All sprig'd with flow'rets gay :

The feather'd songsters of the grove,  
Then join in harmony and love.

The lark that soaring cleaves the skies,  
Low builds her humble nest ;

The rambling boy that finds the prize,  
Is sure supremely blest.

For when the tuneful bird is flown,  
He hastes, and marks it for his own.

*Sung in Rosina.*

**W**HEN the rosy morn appearing,  
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
Bees on banks of thyme disporting,  
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,  
Carol sweet the lively strain,  
They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,  
Take the scatter'd ears that fall !  
Nature, all her children viewing,  
Kindly, bounteous, cares for al

**T**H

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*Sung in Harlequin Free-Mason.*

THIS bleak and frost morning,  
 All thought of danger scorning,  
 Our spirits briskly flow,  
 All in a glow,  
 Thro' the sparkling snow,  
 While a skating we go,  
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 To the sound of the merry horn.

From right to left we're plying,  
 Swifter than winds we're flying,  
 Spheres on spheres surrounding,  
 Health and strength abounding:  
 In circles we sleep,  
 Our poise still we keep,  
 Behold how we sweep,  
 The face of the deep.  
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Great Jove looks on us smiling,  
 Who thus the time beguiling,  
 Where the waters he seal,  
 Still rove on our keel,  
 Our weapons are steel,  
 And no danger we feel,  
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

See, see, our train advances,  
 See how each skaiter lances,

G

Health and strength abounding,  
 While horns and hautboys sounding,  
 The tritons shall blow,  
 Their conch-shells below,  
 And their beards fear to shew,  
 While a skaiting we go,  
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
 To the sound of the merry horn.

*Sung in the Gentle Shepherd.*

**J**OCKEY said to Jenney, Jenney wilt thou do't?  
 Ne'er a whit, quoth Jenney, for my fortune's  
 good;

For my fortune's good, I winna marry thee,  
 E'en's ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let me be.

I ha'e gold and gear, I ha'e land enough,  
 I ha'e seven good oxen ganging in a pleugh,  
 Ganging in a pleugh, and wand'ring o'er the lee,  
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I've ain geud house and barn, and eke a bire,  
 A peat-stack fore the door will make a ranting fire,  
 I'll make a ranting fire, and merry we will be,  
 And gin you will not ha'e me, ye may let me be.

Jenney said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,  
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;  
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

*Father Paul.*

**L**ET grave divines preach up dull rules,  
And moral wit refine,  
The precepts taught in Roman schools,  
We friars here define.

*Chorus.* Here's a health to father Paul,  
For flowing bowls  
Inspire the souls  
Of jolly friars all.

When in the convent we are met,  
We laugh, we joke, we sing :  
All worldly cares we there forget,  
For Father Pau's our king.

Here's a health, &c.

No absolution we will give,  
Ye blue-ey'd nuns, so fair :  
No benediction here receive,  
But banish all your care.

Hear's a health, &c.

With beads and cross, not held divine,  
We pray with fervent zeal  
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,  
Who does each joy reveal.

Here's a health, &c.

May ev'ry friar please his nun,  
Each nun her friar please :

And each alike enjoy their fun,  
With freedom and with ease.  
Here's a health, &c.

Then fill your bumpers, sons of mirth,  
Let friars be the toast;  
Long may they all exist on earth,  
And nuns their order boast.  
Here's a health, &c.

*Sung in Two to One.*

**A**DZOOKS, old Crusty why so rusty,  
Stupid, queer, and mumpy?  
Egad, if you dont mend your manners,  
Somebody will lump you.  
Lumpy, thumpy, thwack and thump,  
Pummel you, and bump-o!  
Humpty, stumpy, make you mump,  
Kick about your rump-o.

Did little Dicky  
Ever trick ye?  
No—I'm always civil;  
Then why should you, for my politeness,  
With me at the devil?  
Crusty, rusty, flout and pour,  
Did I ever trick ye?  
Fusty, musty, turn me out;  
Oh, poor civil Dicky!



A receipt I'll give,  
 But as I live,  
 I'd rather give him blows, fir.  
 At St. Giles's he was bred  
 Altho' he wears good clothes, fir.  
 Noodle, doodle, ugly muns !  
 Here's a pretty rig, fir !  
 Daggers, pistols; swords and guns,  
 Oh ! I'll hop the twig, fir.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

FOR twice twelve months had Harry su'd,  
 With down-cast looks and sighing ;  
 Yet never caught me in the mood  
 For softness or complying :  
 'Till told by Phillis of the grove,  
 (And she, I hope, was joking)  
 Her sister Susan heard his love ;  
 Now, was not that provoking.  
 'Till told, &c.

Next ev'ning, ere the sun was down,  
 To Susan's cot I hied me,  
 A little after came the clown ;  
 He simper'd when he spied me :  
 Convinc'd what Phillis said was true,  
 With passion almost choaking,  
 I bit my lips—he smil'd on Sue ;  
 Now was not that provoking.  
 Convinc'd what Phillis, &c.

When, whisper'd in the ear by pride,  
 To see me vex'd wou'd please him;  
 My anger I resolv'd to hide,  
 To flirt, be gay, and teize him?  
 To laugh as well as he, I try'd,  
 While Sue his cheek was stroaking,  
 But somehow 'twas, I believe I cry'd;  
 Now was not that provoking.  
 To laugh as well, &c.

Since when, I've found out to my cost,  
 At home I'd best have tarry'd;  
 For Harry's love I've surely lost,  
 As he and Sue are marry'd.  
 Lead apes! no, that I will not do;  
 But I must end my croaking,  
 Lest I should lose your patience too,  
 And that would be provoking.  
 Lead apes, &c.

*Sung in Two to One.*

**W**HEN a lover's in the wind,  
 Tho' Miss is coy, we always find  
 At last she turns out wond'rous kind,  
 Nor thinks a man so shocking;  
 A woman's frowns are but a jest,  
 She's angry only to be prest,  
 And then she grants her friend's request,  
 To let them throw the stocking.

While Pudding-sleeves unites their hands,  
 And fetters both in marriage bands,  
 John grinds, and Molly foolish stands,  
 To see the neighbours flock in.  
 But after supper John is led,  
 With love and liquor in his head,  
 Tuck'd with his Molly into bed,  
 Then hey to throw the stocking!

The night soon past, the morning came,  
 The couple looking queer and rum,  
 He says but little, she is dumb,

The chamber door unlocking.  
 But Molly who was once so coy,  
 No longer now conceals her joy;  
 She vows all day—for her dear boy  
 She'd trudge without a stocking!

*On the taking of Louisbourg.*

**S**TAND round, my brave boys! let us sing  
 and rejoice,

We dread neither dangers nor scars;  
 Cape Breton's our own, as sure as a gun,  
 And Boscowen's the bravest of tars.

Tho' the sea ran so high we cou'd hardly get nigh,  
 And the surf made a terribly roar,

We determin'd to land, tho' oppos'd from the  
 strand;

And we boldly went bump upon shore.

Soon their light-house we took, and their co-  
lours we struck,  
And our red English cross on it heighten'd ;  
From their batt'ries they run, British vengeance to  
shun,  
For the monsieurs were damnably frigtehn'd.

Their ships of the line strove to baulk our design,  
But into the harbour we row'd ;  
We damn'd their hot matches, soon clap'd down  
their hatches,  
Burnt one, and out t'other we tow'd.

Then the governor sent, to surrender content,  
To save from destruction the town ;  
What he ask'd us we granted, we had what we  
wanted,  
And Louisbourg all was our own.

I never cou'd laugh at a show so by half,  
As to see their lank soldiers and sailors ;  
By Jove, my friend Will, I thought then, and  
think still,  
They were nothing but journeymen taylors.

Such glorious success all our wrongs must redress,  
And the French on their marrow-bones bring ;  
Now let's have a dance, with your partners ad-  
vance,  
And so God bless great George, our good king.

*Sung in the Choice of Harlequin.*

**A**S you mean to set sail for the land of delight,  
And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing  
ev'ry night,

If you hope that your voyage successful should prove,  
Fill your sails with affection, your cabbin with love.

Fill your sails, &c.

Let your heart, like the mainmast, be ever  
upright,

And the union you boast like our tackle be tight;  
Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,  
And the quick sands of jealousy never come near.

And the quick sands, &c.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,

They must reckon themselves, give the helm to  
their wives;

For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,

And on ship-board the helm is still rul'd by the tail.

And on ship-board, &c.

Then list to your pilot, my boy, and be wise;

If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,

A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,

And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

And a hundred, &c.

*Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.*

**I**N the choice of a husband us widows are nice,

I'd not have a man would grow old in a trice;

Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,

But one that could bustle and stir in my shop.

A log I'd avoid, when I'm chusing my lad,  
 And a stork, that might gobble up all that I had;  
 Such suitors I've had, fir—but off they might hop,  
 I want one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind,  
 So handsome, so young, so polite, and so kind;  
 With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop—  
 He's one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**A** GAIN Britannia smile,  
 Smile at each threatening foe;

To save this drooping isle,

See Rodney strikes the blow.

For Rodney quickly will regain

Thy sov'reign empire o'er the main.

Against the treachrous foes,

And false allies combine;

But vainly they oppose,

If Rodney still is thine:

For gallant Rodney will maintain

The British empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main

Long may he victor prove:

Rewards still sure to gain,

Of king and people's love:

For gallant Rodney will maintain

The British empire o'er the main.



*Sung at Vauxhall.*

YOUNG Cupid is with me wherever I go,  
 He plagues me, and teazes, and vexes me so,  
 To shun the young urchin I fly to the grove,  
 But soon at my elbow I find little Love.  
 I meet with young Strephon, the pride of the  
 plain,  
 His smiles for a moment can banish all pain;  
 Then Cupid, to tease me, is sure to repeat,  
 "The smiles of your Jamie are ten times more  
 sweet."

T'other day, when reclining in Strephon's gay  
 bow'r,  
 And cham'd with the fragrance of each blooming  
 flow'r;  
 The violet, the lily, the sweetest that blows,  
 He had twin'd with young mirtle, the woodbine,  
 and rose:

I forgot the young tyrant, and own'd to the swain,  
 That this fragrant spot was the pride of the plain;  
 But Cupid stepp'd forward, and cry'd, "'tis  
 "a cheat,  
 "The breath of your Jamie is ten times more  
 "sweet."

Quite angry at last, I cry'd, "Let me alone,  
 "I have sense, and have ears, and I've eyes of  
 "my own;  
 "Your blindness and folly will lead me astray,  
 "While prudence to Strephon's gay bow'r leads  
 "the way."

Provok'd by my answer, he presently flew,  
 And brought my dear Jamie quite full in my view;  
 Instructed by Love, he knelt down at my feet,  
 And the vows of my Jamie are true as they're  
 sweet.

Now Strephon in vain may exert all his power,  
 With Jamie contented I shun the gay bow'r:  
 In a cottage more humble contented to dwell,  
 With him I am happy, tho' humble my cell.  
 To revenge me on Cupid for all my past pain,  
 I'll bind the young rogue in a sweet rosy chain;  
 I'll cut off his wings, and tie lead to his feet,  
 For with Love and my Jamie my joys are com-  
 plet.

*Sung in the Quaker.*

I Lock'd up all my treasure,  
 I journey'd many a mile;  
 And by my grief did measure  
 The passing time the while.

My business done and over,  
 I hasten'd back amain,  
 Like an expecting lover,  
 To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled  
 As it began to dawn,  
 I found the casket rifled,  
 And all my treasure gone.

*Jovial Bacchanalian.*

YE lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret,  
 Released from the trouble of thinking,  
 A fool long ago, said we nothing could know;  
 The fellow knew nothing of drinking.  
 To pore over Plato, or practise with Cato,  
 Dispassionate dunces might make us;  
 But men, now more wise, self-denial despise,  
 And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the Doctor approach,  
 He solemnly up the stairs paces;  
 Looks grave—smells his cane—applies finger to  
 vien,

And counts the repeats with grimaces  
 As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at  
 stand—

A toss up which party shall take us.  
 Away with such cant—no prescription we want  
 But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,  
 While misers' midst plenty are pining;  
 While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mourning,  
 We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.  
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime, toss a bottle to  
 time,

He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us;  
 His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,  
 By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

H

What work is there made, by the news-paper trade,  
Of this man's and that man's station!

The inns are all bad, and the outs are all mad;  
In and out is the cry of the nation.

The politic matter which both parties chatter  
From bumpering freely shan't shake us:

With half-pints in hand, independent we'll stand  
To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motions well tim'd; be all charg'd and  
all prim'd;

Have a care—right and left—and make ready.  
Right hand to glass join—at your lips rest your  
wine;

Be all in your exercise steady.

Our levels we boast, when our women we toast;

May graciously they undertake us:

No more we desire—so drink and give fire,  
A volley to beauty and Bacchus!

*Frolick and Laugh.*

**Y**OU may do as you will, but I'll fling away  
care;

I'll sport with the swains, and I'll toy with the  
fair;

For joys yet unknown I may find springing there  
And 'tis better by half, love and nectar to quaff

All the days of my life thus I'll frolick and laugh

'Till lately there liv'd not so wretched an elf;  
 I tended my flock, and sought nothing but pelf;  
 Car'd little for others, but much for myself;  
 But 'tis better by half, &c.

But wishes for more are all foolish and vain,  
 And thought for to-morrow brings nothing but  
 pain;  
 Enjoying to-day I shall find the best gain:  
 For 'tis better by half, &c.

Come over to me all ye gay blooming throng,  
 And take it, the way to be blest the year long  
 Is to welcome sweet love, wine, and soul-cheer-  
 ing song:  
 And 'tis better by half, &c.

Then care, with his wrinkles, I give to the wind;  
 To mirth, from this moment, my heart is inclin'd  
 I'm sure of my blifs, for the nymph will be kind:  
 More happy by half,  
 Love and nectar to quaff;  
 All the days of my life thus I'll frolick and laugh.

*Sung in the Strangers at Home.*

**T**HOU' I can't walk quite straight,  
 And in figure of eight,

Still circling, my legs do their duty,

You'll always observe,

That a regular curve

Is reckon'd the true line of beauty.

Of Orpheus they tell,

(He who fiddles so well)

That his notes made hills, rocks, and trees caper,

So I can in my way,

When a Solo I play,

Make 'em dance full as well as that Scaper.

Tho' at first on a survey,

Things seem topsy-turvey,

When your us'd to't, they don't look so frightful;

Still they move, more or less;

And good judges confess,

Moving prospects are always delightful.

The world's circular motion,

I'm sure's no false notion;

For tho' sober I ne'er could believe it,

Truth in wine, boys, are found,

Now I see it turns round;—

He that's drunk can most plainly perceive it.

*Sung in Fontainbleau.*

**I**'M here in France, and more fool I,

To quit my beef and pudden;

At ton and taste you all will cry,

Oh! yes; John Bull's a good'n.



In air and dress, no travell'd mac  
Of joint shall put my nose out ;  
At shrug and grin I've got the knac,  
And see I turn my toes out.

Tol, lol, lol,

Gadzooks ! so fine myself I'll rig,  
That nobody shall know me,  
My shining pate I'll strait unwig,  
In silk Monsieur shall sow me.  
My arm shall squeeze a chapeau bras,  
No more I'll block my beaver ;  
I'll stare and cock my opera glass,  
And strut so monstrous clever !

Tol, lol, lol,

I'll take a lady to the Ball,  
And lest that I should shock her,  
My head is puff'd with Mareschal,  
And to my back a knocker.  
To make my fist appear a hand,  
I'll draw on gloves of chicken,  
And Wilkes's wriggle plays the band,  
While cotillions were kicking.

Tol, lol, lol.

*Sung in Fontainebleau.*

**K**ILKENNY is a handsome place  
As any town in Shamrockshire ;  
There first I saw my Jemmy's face,  
There Jemmy first beheld his dear :

My love he was a bashful boy,  
 And I a simple girl to see ;  
 And I was Jemmy's only joy,  
 And Jemmy was the lad for me.

But Dublin city bore the bell  
 In streets and squares, and houses fine ;  
 Oh ! there young Dick his love could tell,  
 And there I told young Dickey mine :  
 For Dick he was a roving blade,  
 And I was hearty, wild and free ;  
 He lov'd, and I his love repaid ;  
 Then Dickey was the lad for me !

When Dover strand my happy lot,  
 And William there my love did crown ;  
 Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,  
 Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town :  
 For William was a gentle youth,  
 Too bashful, nor too bold was he :  
 He said he lov'd, and told me truth,  
 And William was the lad for me.

*Sung in Fontainbleau.*

**M**Y morning of life, ah, how tranquil, how  
 bright !  
 No care found a place in my breast ;  
 My noon now is evening, and soon must be night,  
 A night without comfort or rest.

The flood how resplendent with clear azure skies!  
 Tho' tempting too late, to his cost,  
 Beneath, for his heaven who wantonly tries,  
 In streams of false pleasure is lost.

*Sung in Fontainebleau.*

**S**EARCH all the wide creation round,  
 On earth, or air, or deep profound,  
 To some great universal end,  
 Power, sense, instinct reason, tend;  
 'Tis love, sweet universal love!

Why Phoebus smile upon the morn?  
 Why lend a ray to Dian's horn?  
 Why flowers perfume the breath of spring?  
 Or why do birds on hawthorns sing?  
 'Tis love, sweet universal love!

With honour join'd, oh! form'd to bless,  
 Thy power let every heart confess;  
 If sense and reason but remove,  
 The bandage from the eyes of love,  
 Of love, sweet universal love!

*Sung in Fontainebleau.*

**I**N London my life is a ring of delight,  
 In frolics I keep up the day and the night;  
 I snooze at the Hummums till twelve, perhaps  
 later,  
 I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter:

Your honour, says he, and tips me a leg,  
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;  
 For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,  
 So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce.  
 With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flash-  
     ing, smahing, smacking, cracking, rumbling,  
     tumbling;  
 Laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joking, swagger-  
     ing, staggering;  
 So thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so mel-  
     low;

This, this, is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

My Phæt'n I mount, and the plebs they all stare,  
 I handle my reins, and my elbows I square;  
 My pomes so plump, and as white as a lily,  
 Through Pall Mall I spank it, and up Piccadilly;  
 'Till losing a wheel, egad down came I smack,  
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack;  
 At Tatterfall's fling a leg over my nag,  
 Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.

With swearing, &c.

I roll round the Garden, and call at the Rose,  
 And then at both Playhouses pop in my nose;  
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and  
     swagger,

Talk loud, take my money, and out again stagger.  
 I meet at the Shakspeare a good natur'd soul,  
 Then down to our club at St. James's I roll;  
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play,  
 And thus at the finish begin the next day.

With swearing, &c.

*Sung in Fontainebleau.*

**L**ET fame sound the trumpet, and cry "to the war!"

Let glory re-echo the strain;  
 The full tide of honour may flow from the fear,  
 And heroes may smile on their pain.  
 The treasures of Autumn let Bacchus display,  
 And stagger about with his bowl;  
 On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,  
 And wisdom give light to the soul.  
 Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,  
 Each virtue, each joy to improve;  
 Oh, give me the friend that I know to be true,  
 And the fair that I tenderly love!  
 What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,  
 And riot the pleasure of wine;  
 What's riches but trouble? and title's a name,  
 But friendship and love are divine!

*Sung in Rosina.*

**H**OW blest, my fair, who on thy face,  
 Uncheck'd by fear may fondly gaze;  
 Who, when he breathes the tender sigh,  
 Beholds no anger in thine eye.

Ah, then, what joy awaits the swain.  
 Who ardent pleads, nor pleads in vain;  
 Whose voice with rapture all divine,  
 Secure may say, "This heart is mine."

*Sung in the Carnival of Venice.*

O ! never be one of those sad silly fellows,  
 Who always are snappish, suspicious, and  
 jealous,  
 Who live but to doubt,  
 To pine and to pout,  
 To take one to task,  
 Examine and ask  
 A hundred cross questions to pick something out.  
 O ! never, &c.

If by chance he should come,  
 And not find her home,  
 'Tis, " Madam, why so late ?"  
 " Where the devil could you wait ?"  
 " What's been done ? What's been said ?"  
 " Zounds ! I feel it on my head."  
 O ! never, &c.

*Sung in the Carnival of Venice.*

THIS is a Petit-maitre's day—  
 Awake at noon,  
 Or scarce so soon,  
 See him to his sofa creep,  
 Sipping his tea—half asleep—  
 Curse the vapours !  
 Reach the papers—  
 What's the opera—Dem the play.



Air my boots, I think I'll ride—

Tho' rot it, no!

It shakes one so—

Let them bring the vis-a-vis :

Lounging there, his lordship see,

With vacant air,

And sullen stare,

Born of dulness, rais'd by pride.

Stop at Betty's—What's the news ?

A battle they say—

Have you pines to-day ?

Yes, my lord—We've beat the Dutch ;

Ha—some ice—I thought as much :

What, and nothing more ?

That's a monstrous bore !

Well, drive to Issachar the Jew's.

Left at Brokes's—deep at play ;

Issachar's debt,

At Faro set,

Win or lose, serenely sad,

Calm he sits, nor vex'd nor glad ;

'Till half alive,

He cuts at five—

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

FOR me, my fair a wreath has wove,

Where rival flowers in union meet :

As oft' she kiss'd the gift of love,

Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A Bee within a damask rose  
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;  
But leffer sweets the thief forgoes,  
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the bloom of Spring,  
Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,  
The ungrateful spoiled left his sting,  
And with the honey fled away.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

SINCE glory calls I must away;  
Sweet Nancy, why those tears?  
Thy William's duty is to sway  
His sword, and scorn all fears.

With gallant Rodney, on the main,  
We'll brave each hostile foe,  
And triumph o'er the worst of pain,  
And fear no fatal blow.

What if a ball should end my cares?  
Let not my love repine.  
Believe the heart that danger dares  
Till then was only thine.

*Sung in Midas.*

LOVELY nymph, assuage my anguish,

At your feet a tender swain

Prays you will not let him languish;

One kind look wou'd ease his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts

You, he not long need sue in vain;

Prince of song, of dance, of sports,

You scarce will meet his like again.

*Sung in the Maid of the Mill.*

WHEN you meet a tender creature,

Neat in limb, and fair in feature,

Full of kindness and good-nature;

Prove as kind again to she.

Happy mortal! to possess her,

Your bosom warm and press her,

Morning, noon, and night caress her,

And be as fond as fond can be.

But if one you met that's froward,

Quarrelsome, jilting, and untoward,

You'd you act the whining coward,

'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.

Nothing's tough enough to bind her;

When agog when once you find her,

Let her go, and never mind her;

Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

*The Country Wedding.**Sung at Ranelagh.*

**W**ELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young  
swain,

To a beautiful shepherdess, crossing the plain ;  
Why so much in haste ? (now the month it was  
May)

Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which  
way ?

Then straight to this question the nymph did re-  
ply,

With a smile on her look, and a leer in her eye  
I came from the village, and homeward I go ;

And now, gentle shepherd, pray why wou'd you  
know ?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,  
If I tell you the reason of asking you this ;

I wou'd see you safe home, (now the swain was  
in love)

Of such a companion if you wou'd approve.

Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own ;

But I see no great danger in going alone ;

Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free

For one as another, for you or for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true ;

But yet a companion is pleasanter too ;

And if you could like (now the swain he took  
heart)

Such a sweetheart as me, why we never wou'd  
part ;

Oh! that's a long word, said the shepherdess  
then;

I've often heard say, there's no minding you men;  
You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter 'tis true,  
Then leave a young maiden the first thing you  
do.

Oh! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd,  
To prove what I say, I will make you my bride;  
To-morrow the parson (well said little swain)  
Shall join both our hands, and make one of us  
twain;

Then what the nymph answered to this is not  
said;

But the very next morn to be sure they were wed;  
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down,  
O when shall we see such a wedding in town?

*Sung in the Jubilee.*

**B**EHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carved from  
the tree,

Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted  
by thee;

As a relic I kiss is, and bow at thy shrine;

What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry-tree;

Bend to thee

Bless'd mulberry;

Matchless was he,

Who planted thee

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

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Who planted thee

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,  
 Who spread round your branches, whose her  
 sweep the sky ;  
 Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought her  
 To root out the natives at prices so dear :  
 All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,  
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast  
 Of the fir we make ships: there are thousand  
 that fight,  
 But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write  
 All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,  
 Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs ;  
 The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,  
 With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest  
 fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well letter  
 birch

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church  
 But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,  
 He gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The same of the patron gives fame to the tree ;  
 From him and his merits this takes its degree :  
 Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,  
 The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.  
 All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespear outshines the bright  
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;  
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,  
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine, all in one.  
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,  
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;  
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,  
To honour your country do honour to him.  
All shall yield, &c.

*Dog and my Gun.*

EVERY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,  
Some to White's-run for play, some to Bat-  
son's for news ;

To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,  
And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise :  
But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,  
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finish'd his summer's ca-  
reer,

And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care,  
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest home,  
And, their labours being o'er, are at leisure to  
roam ;

From the noise of the town and its follies I run,  
And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my  
gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand,  
 And none dares to stir, but the dog I command;  
 When the covey he springs and I bring down my  
 bird,

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford :  
 No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,  
 Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I re-  
 pair,

And I brush through the thickets devoid of all fear,  
 There I exercise freely my levelling skill,  
 And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often  
 fill;

For death (where I find them) they seldom can  
 shun,

My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command;  
 Some range at a distance, and some hun at hand;  
 When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they  
 spring,

With heart-cheering notes, how they make the  
 woods ring !

Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,  
 My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sports of the day,  
 And spread o'er the table, my conquer'd spoils lay,  
 Then I think of my friends and to each send  
 a part ;

For my friends to oblige is the pride of my  
heart :  
Thus the vices of town, and its follies, I shun,  
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my  
gun.

*Deuce may take him.*

**M**Y cautious mother, t'other day,  
Cry'd, Polly, mind me do ;  
I saw young Damon come this way,  
And fear he came to you ;  
You know he's gay and thought a rake,  
So never welcome make him.  
Thus I got scolded for his sake,  
I wish the deuce may take him.

Its true I met him in a grove,  
He gently clasp'd my hand,  
Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love  
Than I could understand ;  
And who'd have thought that we were seen ?  
But of such tricks I'll break him ;  
If he won't tell me what they mean,  
The deuce, sure, ought to take him.

I often feel my bosom glow  
With warmth I never knew ;  
If this be love that haunts me so,  
What can a virgin do ?

Indeed for pipe, for dance, and song,  
 'Gainst ev'ry swain I'd take him,  
 But if he tantalizes long,  
 I hope the deuce will take him.

They say, from wedlock springs delight,  
 Then let him speak his mind,  
 I've no objection to unite  
 With one so fond and kind :  
 My mother, tho' too apt to pry,  
 To disoblige I'm lothe ;  
 Howe'er, I'll wed, then all her cry  
 Will be, Deuce take you both.

*Sung in Poor Vulcan.*

**T**HESE mortals say right, in their jovial abodes  
 That a glass of good punch is the drink of  
 the gods ;  
 Take only a smack of  
 The nectar we crack of,  
 You'll find it is punch, and no more :  
 The ingredients they mingle,  
 Are contraries, single ;  
 So are ours, they're the elements four.  
 Then, Bacchus, for thou art the drunkard's  
 protector,  
 Issue instant a fiat,  
 And let who dare deny it,  
 That nectar's good punch, and that good punch  
 is nectar.



*The Farmer's Song.**Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

**I**N a sweet healthy air, an a farm of my own,  
 Half a mile from the church, and just two from  
 a town,  
 Diversions and business I vary for ease,  
 But your fine folks of London may do as they  
 please.

By my freehold, 'tis true, I'm entitled to vote ;  
 But, because I will never be wrong, if I know't,  
 I'll adhere to no one till each party agrees ;  
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

Tho' sixty and upwards, I never knew pain,  
 My Goody's as ancient, yet does not complain ;  
 From the flocks of my own I wear coats of warm  
 frize ;  
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er was at law in the course of my life,  
 Nor injur'd a neighbour in daughter or wife ;  
 To the poor have lent money, but never took  
 fees,  
 But your fine folks at London, &c.

I ne'er had ambition to visit the great,  
 Yet honour my king, and will stand by the state,  
 By the church, and dear freedom, in all it's  
 degrees ;  
 But your fine folks at London may do as they  
 please.

*The Knife-Grinder.**Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

**T**HERE are grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry  
 degree,  
 From jewel-deck'd great, to low poverty ;  
 Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,  
 And the wheel it goes round to wind in the  
 pence.  
 Master grinders enough at the helm you may  
 find,  
 Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,  
 He turns fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf ;  
 He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to obtain  
 And his country may starve, so he pockets the  
 gain.

Master-grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old ;  
 The merchant the tradesman, we need not be  
 told :

Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be  
 There are grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.  
 Master-grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares  
 The curtain he'll draw, and display the state  
 players ;

He is a staunch grinder, to some 'tis well known,  
And they are mightily gall'd by the grit of his  
stone.

Master-grinders, &c.

I too am a grinder, what, what, Sirs, of that ?  
I am but in taste, since I copy the great :  
To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind ;  
'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to  
grind.

Master-grinders enough at the helm you may  
find,

Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind.

*Sung at Ranelagh.*

**R**AIL no more, ye learned asses,  
'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;  
Sound it's depth, and fill your glasses,  
Wisdom at the bottom lies ;  
Fill them higher still, and higher,  
Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;  
Sipping quenches all our fire ;  
Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure ;

Enter jollity and joy ;

We for thinking have no leisure,

Manly mirth is our employ :

Since in life there's nothing certain,

We'll the present hour engage ;

And when death shall drop the curtain,

With applause we'll quit the stage.

*The Lover's Declaration.*

**B**ELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,  
 Believe the heart you've won;  
 Believe my vows to you sincere,  
 Or, Peggy, I'm undone:  
 You say I'm fickle, apt to change  
 At every face that's new;  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was once a flake of ice,  
 Till thaw'd by your bright eyes;  
 Then warm'd and kindled in a trice  
 A flame that never dies:  
 Then take and try, in, and you'll find  
 A heart that's kind and true;  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

*Sung in Artaxerxes.*

**T**HE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,  
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,  
 And scorns the spear and shield;  
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,  
 He turns with conquest to be crown'd,  
 And dares again the field.

